THE COMMONWEAL

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WEIGHING THE BIG INVISIBLES

SECRETARY HOOVER has become, in a rather pleasant way, a national popularizer of economics. He has a faculty of dramatizing arid figures and facts and of stating conclusions in words that cling to the memory. In his recent foreword to a study of the balance of international payments to the United States, he says, "Our foreign trade is now in an era of 'big invisibles'." In a still more recent prediction concerning the business outlook for the coming year, he might easily have added that our domestic trade is in an era of "big intangibles." The truth is that many new factors must be taken into account in appraising our present position, and the recent statements by the Secretary of Commerce quite naturally have let loose a flood of speculative comment. Much of this is so cautious as to be meaningless and still more is so technical as to be of little use to the layman. Just what view, then, can a reasonable layman take of the approaching year and its business prospects?

First of all we must recognize a general division between our international and our domestic trade—and then, having recognized it, we must promptly demolish it by accepting the fact that these two elements can never be wholly disentangled. If, for example, our tourists when abroad spent $646,000,000 last year as against only $150,000,000 in 1920, we know that this much purchasing power was removed from the American market just as effectively as if goods had been imported through the custom-house. Incidentally, the fact that these tourists' expenditures were nearly twice as large as the net excess of our merchandise exports over our imports deals a rather heavy blow at the old and easy assumption that our balance of trade with foreign countries could be measured in goods alone.

To anyone desiring a vivid picture of the vast complexity of our balance of international trade, we recommend a careful reading of the bulletin of the Foreign Policy Association for August 31, in which Secretary Hoover's report is summarized with scrupulous care and great clarity. A perusal of the figures gives every assurance that there is no change impending in our foreign trade balance which is likely to affect domestic business next year adversely.

In the domestic situation itself, while it is true that we cannot ignore the effect of our international trade, we can for the moment consider it as a constant factor, and thus scan the business horizon much as we scan the physical horizon of the globe. We know the profound effects of the sun and the moon on the earth—but we consider these effects as fairly stable. We assume that no comet is likely to hit the earth,

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and in the same way we are quite justified in assuming that no foreign-trade comet is likely to burst upon domestic business within the next twelve months. This leaves us free to examine the usual popular weather-signs of business.

A curious sport, obviously fostered by the publicity experts of both political parties, is our quadrennial effort to determine how far one man can affect the fate of a hundred million. Just why we should have so little faith in the sober sense of the American people and in the elaborate machinery of checks and controls in our tripartite government is a mystery. Perhaps, in our very fear of excessive presidential power, we ascribe to the President vastly more influence than he can possibly wield. Presidential year is always used as an excuse by the timorous in business for postponing decisions and curtailing long-term commitments. Yet, in point of fact, we have never seen any block of figures even remotely proving that a change in the Presidency, in and of itself, has produced either a business boom or a business collapse. Certainly no one particular party can claim the credit for the operation of business cycles which have their roots in human appetites and, perhaps even more profoundly, in human morals and ethics, and which depend for their operation quite as much on world influences as on any conceivable form of legislation. Even though Mr. Coolidge has indicated his choice as to a possible third term, only the confirmed pessimist can find in the political outlook any cause for misgiving. The candidates mentioned in both major parties are all men with sound judgment and approved ability. No free-silver heresies are in the wind, and there are no signs that the present opposition party has its claws out to scratch at legitimate business.

One of the most popular indications of sustained business activity is the record of freight-car loadings. The most recent reports indicate a slight decrease during the last few weeks as compared with 1925 and 1926. But in the first six months of this year, car loadings of revenue freight exceeded 25,300,000 which was an increase of about 1/5 percent over 1926. This would indicate clearly that there was no serious falling off in the exchange of commodities throughout the country. This is of more importance than the much-heralded fact that the operating revenues of the class one railroads fell off during the same period for this year. The drop in revenue was due to the type of commodities shipped—a decrease in coal tonnage and an increase in less profitable freight shipments. Certainly we can have no cause for pessimism when week after week the freight car loadings exceed the million mark. Practically every shipment represents a purchase made.

Current low money rates have caused considerable comment. On August 4 the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank was decreased from 4 percent, which had been maintained for nearly a year, to 3½ percent. Call loans range about 3½ percent as against 5 percent a year ago. Cheap money is generally a stimulus to large-scale speculative operations on the stock exchange, but it also tells a much more important story of conservative business management. Tight money generally comes at a time when manufacturers have begun to speculate in their purchases of raw materials and when, under the stimulus of advancing prices and heavy forward buying, the country is booming through to a severe crash like that of 1921. Low money rates, on the other hand, indicate that manufacturers are buying only for current needs and therefore not appealing to the banks to carry large inventories for them. Certainly if we take the low money rates combined with the heavy car loadings, we can draw but one conclusion—that all the channels of business are open and running freely, with no danger of congestion.

Another interesting indication of sound condition is the steadily increasing purchasing power of the dollar. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the value of the dollar has gone up 6 percent since December, 1925. It is now at its highest value since July, 1924. If we say, arbitrarily, that the dollar was worth 100 cents in 1914, it is now worth 61.7 cents, whereas in July, 1920, it was worth only 48.9 cents. As there has been no marked decrease in employment or in wages, the "real earnings" of the average working-man have gone up. This alone would forecast a steadily increasing purchasing power.

Current operations on the stock market seem to indicate nothing of particular value in relation to future business. Large-scale pool operations in particular stocks and the technical fights between bears and bulls give the market all the appearance of being, for the moment, a huge game rather than a barometer of impending industrial conditions. Some stocks go up as easily as others go down—from which we may say that the patient seems to be normal!

The only possible clouds ahead seem to be those labeled "speculative building construction" and "overloaded installment buying." The value of contracts let for building construction continues to increase, in spite of occasional friendly warnings that the rate of building is excessive. Here is a situation where the best experts will probably disagree, especially as the matter of building economics is extraordinarily complex on account of its relation to the whole industrial structure. The same is true of installment buying. Notably in the automotive field, the surplus wage-earnings of the country have been mortgaged far in advance for the purchase of cars. With any large-scale business setback in view, this would be a very serious situation, but with the dollar advancing and the other indications of continued free activity, we may safely assume that installment buying has not reached the proportions of a storm-cloud. The layman, it seems to us, has a right to feel that in this era of "big invisibles" and "big intangibles" his interests are being well guarded.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE most significant thing, perhaps, about Lord Cecil's retirement from the British Cabinet is his statement: "I feel I shall be able to do better work in the cause of disarmament outside the Cabinet than in." Disheartened at the failure of recent international conferences to limit armaments and promote security, this statesman, who more than anyone else has convinced the world of Britain's earnestness in working for peace, leaves the Cabinet at a time when political manoeuvers to promote better world understanding are practically at a standstill. The most distressing aspect of the recent disarmament conference was, in fact, the evident advance commitment of the delegates to demands from which they could not retreat sufficiently to effect a compromise. But what can be done through non-political methods? It will be interesting to see what answer Lord Cecil himself makes to this question. His influence upon general opinion, perhaps even upon specific party opinion, is no doubt very great. One feels that he may succeed in organizing that opinion in a really effective manner, and so set an example for statesmen in other countries. If this supposition can be relied upon, one may even dream of the day when some significant United States diplomat or statesman will take the hard task of peace-making seriously enough to win a hearing for it among his now so indifferent fellow-countrymen.

IF PORTENTS are not misleading, a settlement is likely to be arrived at soon between the Holy See and the government of Czecho-Slovakia regarding the character of the annual commemoration of John Huss. Some years back this occasion, which naturally involves a great deal of patriotic and national sentiment, was qualified by incidents so directly hostile to the Catholic faith that the papal nuncio then in Prague was withdrawn. The government parried by recalling its minister from the Vatican, and a definite break followed. Since that time, however, events have proven the desirability of intimate coöperation between the Holy See and the Prague government, anti-clerical nationalism has greatly subsided, and the character of the Huss festival has been altered considerably. We are now informed that two Czecho-Slovakian envoys have gone on a special mission to Rome, where they were cordially welcomed by the proper ecclesiastical authorities. It is rumored that an official interview with the Pope has now practically completed the preliminary steps toward regulating the matter. One sees from this incident that the Church, far from striving to effect through political means desired or desirable changes inside a country, is always ready to negotiate a disagreement amicably, through diplomatic channels, and to the advantage of all.

HOW desperately necessary speedy congressional action on the subject of the Mississippi flood has become, is evident from the endeavor of Secretary of War Davis to induce authorities in charge to permit the expenditure of a portion of the rivers and harbors appropriation. Such expenditure had been vetoed by Controller-General McCarl on the ground that it was illegal. There is every reason to believe this view correct, and to see the urgent necessity for new and special appropriations. The Mississippi River Commission is reported as doing everything within its power, with rapidly dwindling funds. Moreover we are confronted with this news: "Some of the river districts, unfortunately, have been so impoverished by the flood that they have been unable to make their pro rata contributions, whereby they share with the federal government the expense of river improvements." This legal requirement, legitimate in periods of routine improvement, is certainly out of place now. Apparently, despite all that has been said and written about the matter, the American people have failed as yet to realize the magnitude of the flood disaster, to envisage the suffering of the districts affected, or to understand the influence which this great economic catastrophe is likely to have upon the general welfare.

THE superintendent of Chicago's schools, Mr. William McAndrew, is likely to find himself engaged in a battle of some proportions. Stigmatized during the recent municipal campaign as a "stool pigeon of the British king," and further black-marked by the blunder of having failed to select Chicago as his birthplace, Mr. McAndrew is now convicted of "insub-

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ordination" by the board of education (voting 6 to 5) and suspended from office. The president of the board has, in fact, announced definitely that there is to be another man in charge of the schools "by fall." Now it is obvious to all who have looked around the corner in Chicago politics that the question is not the guilt or incapacity of the superintendent, but the amiable and agreeable characteristics of the somebody else who has been chosen to fill his shoes. A stiff fight is likely to ensue, thus adding another chapter to the long narrative of battles between American educators and American politicians. Candidly, the odds are for a Thompson victory. Political organizations like the one he governs have a way of getting what they want. Citizens who feel differently, who do not wish to see the educational system to which they confide their young people become the spoils of intrigue, must look to it that the Thompson and similar efficacious steam-rollers are not put into operation.

HOW rapidly the social work undertaken by the Central Verein, the most prominent organization of German Catholics in the United States, has developed was evidenced by the fact that more than $250,000 was pledged at the recent Philadelphia convention to carry out the program of social activity already outlined. This includes all the major branches of welfare work, but gives special attention to immigrant conditions in the Southwest. It is a remarkable evidence of what can be accomplished when solidarity and excellent motives are combined. In theory the Central Verein has, as might be expected, been guided by the official Catholic social philosophy of Germany. This year it agreed to oppose "centralization of federal authority" in the field of education, and to fight the Sheppard Maternity Act. An echo of middle-western contention (the headquarters of the Verein are in St. Louis) may be detected in the vast amount of attention given to excellent ideas on the subject of farm relief. Political and scientific measures of a reasonable and promising sort were advocated. The convention proved the universality of its interests, however, by a pertinent statement on the subject of Mexican relations, and by pledging its aid to the cause of peace. Everyone will admire the intelligence and practicableness of the Verein's achievement, and join in congratulating the president, Mr. Charles Korz, who continues in office for another term.

THE retirement of Dr. John A. Lapp from the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference will be a matter of regret to all who have been anxious to witness the development of social and civic improvement work under definitely religious auspices. We understand, moreover, that his withdrawal is to mean the abandonment of the Social Action Department's office in Chicago—an event which is likewise to be regretted, in view of the fact that Chicago is obviously a place where earnest welfare work among Catholics is badly needed. Dr. Lapp's achievement is too well known to need analysis here. His addresses and publications concerning right civic conduct have been of the greatest educational value, and the ideas which he gathered from experience are recognized as sound and helpful by diverse groups and authorities. No doubt he has been, like the rest of us, individual in his views of many matters. But one would fail in elemental courtesy at this time who did not acknowledge that Dr. Lapp grasped, as few other men have, the universality and seriousness of social problems confronting Catholics and others in the United States. His coming to the Social Action Department some years ago was the symbol of an enthusiasm and determination that surged in all of us as the result of the war. Let us hope that his going is not to be construed as a sign that the pace is proportionately slackening.

BOOK-LOVERS will approve the very reasonable plea advanced by the National Association of Book Publishers for a readjustment of postal rates on books. At present the law classifies books with general parcel post, thus making it much more expensive to dispatch literature between covers than to send magazines or newspapers. This is an anomalous and purely national situation. The regulations of the International Postal Union imposing preferential rates upon shipments of books are in force, so that it now costs about half as much to send an average volume to Tokio as to send it to San Francisco. What makes the question particularly pertinent is the fact that the business of publishing is being conducted more and more generally on a mail-order basis. There are only some twenty-five stores in the United States which retail books in any appreciable quantity or variety. The average citizen who lives away from the centre of publishing —New York City—may hear or read about a book and want it very much. He can, however, as a normal thing get it only by ordering it from the publisher. But finding that twenty-five or thirty cents will be added to the price for carrying charges, he usually reflects—and reflection, as every salesman knows, chills the "economic impetus." Surely the United States still places sufficient faith in the value of reading to give this reasoned and moderate plea a fair hearing.

THOUGH we are rather late in getting round to Judge Robert W. McBride's interesting Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, there is no time like the present for quoting from it an anecdote which deserves to be borne in mind wherever people are being instructed in the fundamental principles of American democracy. "General Lee surrendered to General Grant on April 9, 1865. The word reached the War Department and was given out on Monday, April 10. The day was warm and the windows were open. We heard a shout, followed immediately by cheering. We looked from our open window toward

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the War Department and saw evidence of great excitement. A voice rang out, 'Lee has surrendered.' I know of no language sufficient to describe the scene that followed. In every direction the shout could be heard: 'Lee has surrendered.' Men yelled, screamed, shouted, cheered, laughed and wept. No one thought of doing business. A crowd gathered in front of the War Department. A band appeared from somewhere and commenced playing patriotic airs. In response to calls there were many speeches. That of Andrew Johnson was bitter and vindictive. One expression I can never forget. It was: 'And what shall be done with the leaders of the rebel host? I know what I would do if I were President. I would arrest them as traitors. I would try them as traitors, and, by the Eternal, I would hang them as traitors.' His manner and his language impressed me the more because of its contrast with the temperate manner and language of President Lincoln, as exhibited a few minutes later.

"SOME one in the crowd shouted: 'To the White House!' The crowd surged in that direction and began calling for the President. He appeared at an upper window, just west of the portico. His appearance was the signal for cheering that continued for many minutes, with shouts of 'Speech, Speech!' He raised his hand and the crowd stilled. He said: 'My friends, you want a speech, but I cannot make one at this time. Undue importance might be given to what I should say. I must take time to think. If you will come here tomorrow evening I will have something to say to you. There is one thing I will do, however. You have a band with you. There is one piece of music I have always liked. For the last four years it has not been popular in the North; but now, by virtue of my prerogative as President and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, I declare it contraband of war and our lawful prize. I ask the band to play Dixie.' "

DEATH having come to Brother Edmund, one of the best known among all the teaching brothers in the United States, we can speak frankly about the man whom fifty years of humble living according to religious vows surely prepared for that long "vacation" promised to all who desire the good. It was his fortune to be the teacher of two boys destined to become cardinals of the American Church; to receive homage from their lips, and from the lips of numerous others; to take a share in the difficult task of promoting the interests of the Christian Brothers as a society; and to participate as an executive in that magnificent development of popular education which has characterized these last few years. But though such achievements are valuable and interesting, they by no means constitute a portrait of the Brother. Seldom has a man lived who identified himself so completely with the class-room. Because he had devotion, he loved his arduous work; because he had intelligence and training, he could improve his performance of that work. And what a pity it is that men so genuinely encyclopaedias of experience and ability as was Brother Edmund cannot be placed in charge of the general development of Catholic education in the United States! The secular system would assuredly find them priceless: we seem, however, to prefer keeping them obscure and uninfluential.

IN A speech to his constituents at Poole, Hall Caine, the local member of Parliament and son of the manx novelist, asserted that prohibition was a fraud because "in a recent visit to New York I bought better whisky than I can get in England, for $2.00 a bottle." Those now clamoring for the name of the brand and its place of manufacture appear to overlook the fact that Mr. Caine is a fiction-writer and the son of a fiction-writer. Furthermore, while he may be an honorable member of His Majesty's loyal Commons, a gentleman and a scholar, he has yet to qualify as an expert in the matter of good whisky. That requires steady application, single-hearted devotion to exploration and perseverance in experimentation which he has not given. It is to be remarked that his asseveration has not caused the slightest ripple of excitement in Washington and that Greenwich Village simply rejects it as another of those inexplicable English jokes. The fact is that Washington is too much concerned with quantity to devote much attention to quality just now. Here is Canada asking the protection of the United States government from the bootleggers of this country, who are flooding the dominion with alcohol manufactured on this side of the border and cutting into dominion revenues in a most alarming manner. Much of this, with some coloring matter, may be retailed at $2.00 a bottle, but those in Canada who have qualified as experts under the tutelage of Professors Hiram Walker and Joseph Seagram will deny indignantly and disgustedly the pronouncement of Mr. Hall Caine.

THE shut-down by the Chicago Exhibitors' Association of 350 moving-picture theatres in that city has answered the question so often asked: What does Chicago do between elections? Press reports tell of thousands of dejected-looking individuals wandering aimlessly around the Loop, enduring rain and squelching through slush in the hope that one manager, somewhere, might be moved by compassion for the multitude. All in vain; everything was closed as tight as though the British hordes, led by King George in person, were hammering at the city gates. This was a situation which called for the intervention of His Honor, the People's Friend. The city hall should have been opened each evening to announce the engagement at popular prices of Thompson's All Star Acrobatic Assemblage and Peerless Producers of Modern Melodrama. In the event that too many of the superlative cast were absent in this great emergency, a special election should have been called.

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WHAT IS THE OBJECT?

IN A recent and suggestive volume of reflections upon modern industry, Herr Eugen Diesel, son of the famous inventor of the Diesel engine, relates the following anecdote: "The writer stood beside his father on the service platform of an 800 horse-power motor, which this father had invented and from which death, a few days later, would part him forever. And here is what the old man said: 'It is beautiful to form and to invent, as an artist forms and invents. But whether this whole business has a purpose, whether men have become happier because of it, I am today no longer able to determine.' "

The shadow of this doubt lies over much that technical insight and skill have produced during the course of an exceedingly busy century. What is the object of it all? One used to give some such answer as "progress." Men would be happier, acquire more leisure, could spare greater energies for the tasks of personal development. Today this declaration no longer rings true. Mechanistic production has complicated rather than solved the problem of population. And in so far as the individual is concerned, what conviction can the ordinary camp-follower possess when the inventive genius himself is unable to have faith in his handiwork?

One cannot dispel this twilight of doubt by turning from the triumphs of industry to a form of social living entirely different, but it may be possible to discern one's own proper path more clearly by considering alien roads down which other men have gone. Besides, there is much simple and agreeable pleasure in imaginative following in the footsteps of such a commendable eighteenth-century person as the Reverend James Woodforde, whose Diary of a Country Parson (edited by John Beresford, published by the Oxford University Press) now fills a third widely read volume.

This tranquil Anglican parson, whose life centered round the little Weston church, would probably have found our modern rush very curious and inexplicable. He himself was engrossed in a routine which may strike many contemporaries as precisely as eventful as the slow maturing-process of a pippin or one of his own "apples called beefans."

Yet even in the matter of "comfort," which we pride ourselves upon having achieved, Parson Woodforde was not inexperienced. Here, for example, is an entry describing a dinner given by Dr. Bagot:

"There were twenty of us at the table and a very elegant dinner the bishop gave us. We had two courses of twenty dishes each course, and a dessert after of twenty dishes. Madeira, red and white wines. The first course amongst many other things were two dishes of prodigious fine stewed carp and tench, and a fine haunch of venison. Amongst the second course a fine turkey poult, partidges, pigeons and sweetmeats. Dessert—amongst other things, mulberries, melon, currants, peaches, nectarines and grapes."

By comparison with that, even the most sumptuous modern American banquets into which we have somehow squirmed our way seem abhorrently monotonous trifles. And yet, though the feast was palatable to our parson, it was by no means the only event of its kind he witnessed. Indeed what the servants ate—excellent servants whom one could grapple to the soul for a maximum of ten pounds per annum—is, in retrospect, a severe condemnation of contemporary capitalistic viands. Mr. Woodforde himself took great pains with the cellar and the table. He brewed a right tolerable ale; and when his parishioners assembled to pay the tithe, he could notice their pleasure over his "good strong beer"—home-made and tax-free. And of course the whole country-side was sending mutual shipments of pheasants and bottles of port, as well as making perennial loans of Dr. Cook's voyages or Mr. Chambers's Encyclopaedia.

One may hunger for the bounty, the appetite, the sturdy, unruffled constitution of those unnervous days. But still more enticing is the atmosphere of human relations which enveils our parson's daily industry. He was, of course, not merely a "man of God" but a farmer, too, interested personally in the convalescence of a cow, the filling of a pond with the proper kind of "frogges," and the harvesting of a field of wheat. Modern husbandmen might take a lesson from him in the accurate keeping of books. Never a coomb of grain, never an expenditure for rhubarb powders or a receipt of cash for turnips, but it was carefully noted. Primarily, however, this man of an olden time took an "enlightened" interest in his human surroundings. Here is a notation regarding the servants: "Lizzy, Jack, Ben and Will: something better in the day time but in the evening Ben and Will were taken very bad again." They suffered from "an influenza"; and of course it was the master's business to see that the best remedies were secured and applied. By comparison, many a notation indicates that the remedies, like the plumbing and the machinery, were comparatively simple. The low stage of development, so obvious to us now, was not observed, however, and probably for this very reason there was more time for the simple but elemental human things—the enjoyment of goodness, the exercise of mercy and the giving of sympathy, the careful harvesting of friendship, the exercise of an untroubled faith in God.

One need not moralize more than is necessary upon this instructive old cross-section of the past. It is very likely that we shall ultimately realize how much has been sacrificed—of the arts, of sturdy virtue, of plain, satisfying human friendship and commerce—during the course of a maddening rush for technical improvement and exploited production. In such a realization, by the way, men like Herr Diesel take hope—men who, standing at the helm of business which surges through a flood of human wreckage, still remember the final facts of individual and social accounting.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MISSIONER

By MARIE L. DARRACH

THAT the public knows so little about what the Catholic Church means in the lives of the Chinese is not so much the fault of the newspapers as it is of Catholics themselves.

Because much judicious publicity has always attended the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions in the Orient, the people of the United States have been kept well informed as to what the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and others have done in China. But lacking such information, furnished through like channels to the secular press by the Catholic Church, the casual reader, who depends for his impressions on that same press, has come to believe that, outside the field of Protestant endeavor, nothing of importance has been accomplished in educating and Christianizing the Chinese.

There may have been methods quite as effective for ascertaining the status of the Catholic missioner in China, but certainly none more convincing to a seeker for information on the subject, than to have made a trip to the country, and to have arrived there at the very moment when Christianity, as interpreted by the Protestant missionaries, was being publicly repudiated by the Chinese, and thousands of men and women who had labored for half a century or more as representatives of the various Protestant denominations were being cast out of their stations.

This repudiation of Christianity, which expressed itself in acts of violence at Nankin in March of this year, had been put very definitely into words at a conference of world students in Pekin in 1922, and repeated in Shanghai in 1924, when these same students, or others of equal intellectual attainments, outlined their charges against a Protestant administration of Christianity in China, and organized an anti-Christian federation to support their protests.

Their concisely stated indictment at that time contains not a single criticism of the presentation of Christianity to the Chinese by the Catholic missioners, nor have they, in any of their charges since, intimated that the motives of the Catholic Church were under the same suspicion as those of the Protestant Board of Foreign Missions and their workers in China.

In a statement made recently by the Christianized Chinese in Shanghai, into whose hands have passed most of the material possessions of the American missionaries as well as the administration of their spiritual teachings (to do with as the Chinese see fit) dissatisfaction with Protestant methods of imposing Christianity on China was again expressed.

In spite of these facts, however, and principally because of lack of publicity, the general belief in the United States is that this rejection of Christianity by the Chinese intellectuals—or at best its retention with such reservations as they shall make for themselves—does not except Catholicism; that whatever converts the Catholic Church has made in China are in the same state of disintegration as the Protestant proselytes; and that in the exodus of Christian workers (who have been either driven from their missions by rioting mobs; ordered out by the United States government, speaking through its consuls; or commanded to evacuate by the Chinese National Christian Council) there must be included whatever force of missioners the Catholic Church had been maintaining in China. This conclusion is as erroneous as the idea that Catholic missionary and educational work in China has been negligible compared with that of the Protestant denominations, concerning whose endeavors the world has been rather extravagantly informed.

Except in a few isolated cases every Protestant missionary has now been evacuated from north China, Shantung, central China (with the exception of Shanghai) Kiangan, Hunan, south China, Hainan, and Yunnan. Thousands of them have returned to their homes in the United States with no expectation that their work will ever be resumed in China. So far as I know not a single Catholic missioner left the country during this period of evacuation which began in April; and when refugees were arriving daily in Shanghai from the interior, it was rarely that a priest or brother or sister of any of the Catholic orders was seen among them. In spite of all the rampaging armies careening back and forth over the country for the past year, these Catholic Christians have continued their work unmolested. The resentment of the Chinese has not extended to the Catholic missioner who is still carrying on, as a "servant of servants," in a spiritual soil enriched by centuries of distinguished tradition for which he has a charitable and sympathetic understanding.

With other foreigners, the Catholic clergy did share in the horrors of those two days at Nankin. One priest lost his life and was mentioned as a casualty in the identical note served on General Pei-Chung-Hsi, at the Nationalist Bureau of Foreign Affairs, by the French government; and among the refugees landed in Shanghai on March 26 from the gunboat Alerte, were two others—Fathers Verdier and Bureau—who had barely escaped with their lives the day before from the propaganda-maddened mob in Nankin.

The calm, dignified demeanor of those two cassocked figures outlined against the background of a distracted crowd of white-faced men, disheveled women and wailing children, as they all stood in huddled uncertainty in the grey dusk, on a fog-drenched jetty on the bund, was curiously symbolic of the stability of the work of the missioners in China, compared with that of their better advertised Protestant contemporaries.

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Every member of that forlorn group of refugees, with the exception of these two Catholic missioners, was facing the charge of the Chinese that he had been carrying Christianity furled in the American flag. Among them were college presidents, deans of language schools and professors of economics, who had been taxed with having ignored the indigenous ideas, aspirations and ideals of the Chinese, and with placing emphasis on material things rather than spiritual life. Even the humble Bible woman, whose duty is still to travel about the country with bedding, food, cooking utensils, a portable harmonium, books, pictures and posters, and spread the Gospel through her contact with the women in Chinese courtyards, was being accused of attempts to denationalize them under the guise of religious conversion.

The two priests, even though they were included in this distraught band fleeing from the infuriated Chinese at Nankin, gave the impression by their quiet manner and attitude, of assurance that they were as exempt from these bitter arraignments, as they were physically free of all the impedimenta of disrupted domesticity with which their panic-stricken fellow-refugees were encumbered.

When the formalities of landing were completed, having no crying and hungry children, exhausted wives still weak from fear and exposure, scattered household goods, lumpy corra baskets or dropsical suitcases to hamper their freedom or delay their return to their religious duties, they silently separated themselves from the milling crowd, and departed for the security of the century-old cathedral in the French concession of Shanghai. One felt conclusively that their work had not even been interrupted; while sensing with equal certainty that the Protestant missionaries were voicing not only a personal conviction but a moral certainty as they stepped off the gunboat with the despairing exclamation: "We're finished."

"You know," volunteered the young Chinese who had accompanied us to the dock, "those two Catholic priests, and not these Protestant missionaries, typify what we admire most in your western religion. Like our own monks," he continued, "they are free and remote and their lives can be dedicated to meditation and prayer. That appeals to the Chinese very greatly."

He was a graduate of the Episcopal University of Saint John's in Shanghai, with a degree from Oxford, so his remarks carried weight, as voicing the sentiment of new China. From the sincerity of his admiration, one would be inclined to conclude that, if modern China were not so keen on organizing a new nation around its own ancient shrines and altars, and on creating an indigenous church within its own temples and pagodas, her present reaction against Protestant Christianity might stampede the entire country toward Catholicism. And who knows but that some such manifestation may ultimately result?

The definite charges made by the Chinese against the National Christian Council in China, under which all Protestant missionary work is federated, are:

1. That the Protestant Missionaries have a superiority complex; hence their tendency is to dominate and dictate.

2. That their purpose and desire is to perpetuate, in China, the practice and experience of the Christian movement in the West, irrespective of the needs of the country.

3. That they have too strong a nationalism in their attitude on foreign questions.

In other words, the Protestant missionaries have generated a revolt against Christianity because they have aimed to modernize China along western lines, and in their haste to attain this end, have neglected to assimilate Chinese national ideals.

The Catholics, having had no such objective, have anticipated China's needs in a religious sense; have supplied help only when it was called for, and have not hurried the Chinese with experiments in modern education.

Subtle but significant is the fact that Elmer Gantry has been a best seller among the young Chinese intelligentsia who are most vociferous in their pronunciamentos against political interference on the part of Protestant missionaries, and—shadowy character in fiction though she be—Sharon Falconer has done much to wreck the religious underpinning erected by hundreds of serious-minded missionary women who have labored for a quarter of a century in the Chinese missionary field, without having once given a thought to their personal appearance. The status of the Catholic missioner in China has been assailed by no such propagandist literature, and intellectual China indicates a preference for the Lives of the Saints as religious reading, when it discusses Elmer Gantry.

In April, at the moment when the work of Protestant missionaries was being completely disrupted, the growth of the Roman Catholic faith was significantly emphasized by His Holiness, the Pope, who raised the prefecture apostolic of Kongmoon, in southern China, to a vicariate, and elevated Reverend Father James Edward Walsh as vicar apostolic. Kongmoon had been created a prefecture apostolic in 1924 and turned over to the newly arrived members of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. They administered the mission under Father Walsh, who is the founder of the society, but the district still remained under the vicariate of Bishop Fourquet, of the Société des Missions Etrangères de Paris, vicar apostolic of Canton. It was suggestive of confidence in the belief that the work of the Catholic missioners would continue, that in the midst of the turmoil of the evacuating Protestant workers, it should have been decided in Rome to elevate the district to a vicariate, and to separate Canton and Kongmoon into two distinct bishoprics, one identified with the French Mission and the other to continue under the administration of Maryknoll Mission of America.

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According to the latest available statistics furnished by the Bulletin Biblique de Pekin, Catholic schools in China, taught by 600 priests, brothers and sisters, are neither few nor backward. In attendance at the religious schools in China in 1925 were 5,700,000 pupils; 3½ percent, or 200,000, were being instructed in the 7,357 schools supported by 130 Protestant Boards, while 4 percent, or 228,000, were in the 10,173 Catholic schools.

The work of the Catholic missioners has been confined largely to elementary instruction, while the Protestants have devoted their attention to higher education. The Protestant missionary boards were spending $2,000,000 a year on colleges and universities, with only $75,000 spent annually on elementary schools. The Catholics kept the number of their colleges down to a self-supporting basis, and put their efforts and finances into parochial schools, in an effort to reach the 94,000,000 children who were receiving no instruction whatever, either secular or religious. This number of neglected Chinese minors was determined by the fact that there were 100,000,000 children of school age in the country and only 6,000,000 of them were enrolled in any educational institution. The Catholic schools in 1925 were educating 30,000 orphans while the Protestants were caring for 1,733. As against 25 theological schools in which natives were being trained for Protestant missionary work among their countrymen, the Catholics had nine seminaries where Chinese students were being prepared for the priesthood.

In twenty years, from 1903 to 1923, the number of Chinese Catholics had increased from 783,000 to 2,208,000. Converts in the seven provinces where there were Catholic missions during that period ran from 105,000 in Kwangtung, to 645,000 in Chihili. There are at present in China forty-six bishops, including the six Chinese bishops recently consecrated in Rome. That all the Catholic missioners under their immediate supervision are undisturbed, while those in the Protestant field have been evacuated, is entirely due to the attitude of the Chinese themselves, and may be interpreted as tangible evidence of confidence in the integrity of the Catholic Church and its missions.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MACHIAVELLI

By HARVEY WICKHAM

(*This is the first of two papers which* THE COMMONWEAL *will publish on the character and principles of Machiavelli, with particular reference to their connection with and influence on the modern Italian state.—The Editors.*)

NOT so long ago, English-speaking etymologists were debating, with at least some show of seriousness, whether the expression "old Nick," as applied to the devil, might not be derived from Niccolo—the Niccolo they had in mind being Niccolo Machiavelli.

Were this all, one might suffer the four hundredth anniversary of his death to pass in silence, or leave its celebration to satanists. But it is not all. This same famous (or infamous) Florentine, whom the Protestant world knows only as the author of the phrase (attributed also to the Jesuits) "The end justifies the means," stands today as one of the officially proclaimed prophets of Fascismo.

In 1924, when Mussolini was offered the degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Bologna, he answered that he did not wish an honorary degree, but preferred to defend his own thesis like any other student. Asked what subject he proposed to choose, he answered, "Machiavelli." And on August 30 of the following year, Alfredo Rocco, his Minister of Justice, took occasion in a speech delivered at Perugia to say that Machiavelli was not only a great political authority, but the one from whom "Fascism learns not only its doctrines but its actions."

The author of The Prince, of the Discourses, and of The Art of War seems not to be as dead as was supposed. His challenge to liberalism has entered the field of actual politics, thus making his character of interest and importance to the whole world.

My dictionary defines the word "Machiavellian" as "pertaining to Machiavelli or to his principles of political duplicity; hence crafty, double-dealing, cunning, unprincipled."

This unquestionably is the popular definition, and one is immediately struck by the woeful lack of Machiavellianism displayed by the leader of New Italy in openly favoring such a personage. A double-dealer should espouse a dubious cause in private only. Which leads to the question, Was Machiavelli himself as Machiavellian as he is credited with having been?

Born at Florence on May 3, 1469, descendant of Dono dei Machiavelli of the old nobility, his arms were a cross of azure upon a field of argent, with four nails, also of azure, at the four corners of the cross. By an irony of fortune, it was another branch of the same family, the Castellani, whose blazon was an eagle. Yet Niccolo seemed to live only to praise the eagle, symbol of the Caesars, and is reputed to have been the implacable foe of priests and Popes, of religion itself, even of common honor, decency and morality. Nevertheless, the house where he lived and died, instead of having been pulled down by an outraged posterity, still stands in Florence—16, Via Guicciardini.

Of his early life we only know that he received the ordinary education of a fashionable youth of the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent; that his later scholarship was due to his privately conducted studies, not to

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schools; and that he inherited from his father an estate valued at 110 broad florins and 14 pence—a very moderate competence, which he was never able much to improve upon. He seldom wrote about himself, and has left us nothing in which even the death of his mother, which occurred when he was twenty-six, is so much as mentioned—leading to the common inference that he was a man without heart.

The first words from his pen that have been preserved are in two letters, one in Italian, the other in Latin, both dated in December, 1497, relating to an attempt to preserve the family's right to the gift of the living of Santa Maria della Fanga, which the Pazzi were threatening to usurp. He won his cause, and the incident shows that he knew Latin (there is no foundation for the belief that he read his favorite Greek authors in their own tongue) and was already trusted by his family as an able man of affairs.

At the age of thirty-three he married Marietta Corsini, who brought him little or no dowry, and by her had six children. She was a devoted wife, but because Niccolo lived to write a satiric novel, La Novella di Belfagor, in which woman is represented as one of the most potent causes of the moral downfall of man, it is generally taken for granted that he had no love for his family.

Add to this the fact that his familiar letters to his friends Vettori and Guicciardini would bring a blush to the cheek of Broccaccio and might even satisfy a Broadway producer; that his principal literary works were put upon the Index by Paul IV (an action confirmed by the Council of Trent, in 1563); and the legend that he died with a jest upon his lips just after having dreamed that no person fit for polite society ever went to heaven—add these and many other similar details together, and you have a picture of the forefather of Italian unity which even the average child will recognize.

Pasquale Villari, his most voluminous biographer, describes the physical appearance of this monster as being without visible horns or hoofs, and otherwise as follows: "He was of middle height, slender of figure, with sparkling eyes, dark hair, rather a small head, a slightly aquiline nose and a tightly closed mouth. All about him bore the impress of a very acute observer and thinker, but not that of one able to wield much influence over others."

Nor did he wield much influence over others. He spent his life collecting information for his official superiors (no less than twenty-one important diplomatic missions are to his credit) in writing histories, and in inventing anew the arts of war and statecraft. He seems never to have been deceived, but there is no indication of his having personally turned the course of events. His pay was a few yards of cloth now and then, to be used as presents, and an occasional florin for himself—seldom enough to cover his traveling expenses. He was so poor in his later years that he speaks of himself as "cowering in his rags." When he died, at the age of fifty-eight, none of his contemporaries thought it worth while to write his biography—and this though he was a member of the literary clique which frequented the famous Oricellarii Gardens, once visited by Leo X.

Machiavelli, in short, was to his own generation a man of vast utility but of little political importance. When twenty-nine years old he entered public life as secretary to the Ten, the Ten being a sub-committee of the Signory, or ruling body of the republic of Florence. And there he remained for fourteen years, busy—when not absent on foreign missions—with the correspondence of state and of war.

The Medici had been expelled and the republic was largely dominated by the fiery eloquence of the Dominican friar, Savonarola, whom we find him describing as "the weaponless prophet," one who used language "which not even a dog would tolerate." His prejudice against weaponless prophets was increased by his experience with a certain duchess, a dealer in mercenary soldiers, to whom he was sent on his first errand of diplomacy. The lady had already buried three husbands—not without the suspicion of having poisoned some of them—and proved altogether too much for the man later to be regarded as the world's champion wire-puller. She receives him with fair words—in the presence of the Venetian ambassador—and puts him off. He sees through her, and sees also the mercenaries march to Venice rather than to Florence.

The incident is of importance, for from it he drew the idea elaborated in his Art of War (the only one of his works printed during his lifetime) and eventually adopted by all the nations of the world—namely, that states should depend upon national armies rather than upon foreign soldiers fighting for pay. But the mission was a failure.

And for this failure his employers praised him to the skies. Why? Well, for one thing, the mercenaries might have gone to Pisa, which would have been worse. But for another, Machiavelli had acted in palpable good faith. He was a find, a man who could be trusted. A man, in fact, who never broke faith nor gave false testimony during his whole career.

And so originated those wonderful "Reports," as Machiavelli wandered from court to court, from Romagna and Caesar Borgia to Sforza at Milan, from Sforza to France, from France to Maximilian, from Maximilian to Rome. He is like a Pepys, but with world politics rather than gossip for a subject. Nothing escapes him, nothing is left to invention. A novelist gathering his material, he was not yet ready to give his imagination play. Yet the tendency to treat every happening as an example of a general law is already manifest. He was laying the foundations for the modern method of historical writing, for his philosophy of government. So he bristles with aphorisms, and is as quotable as Pope. His style has the sparkling, almost appalling clarity of a Voltaire.

But as one reads, something in the character of the

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Frenchman makes itself felt by its absence. This cold cynicism is not cold. Our double-dealer has somehow failed, while looking upon Gorgon, to be turned to stone. The "tightly closed mouth" relaxes, but it is less a sneer than an impish grin which appears. Per Bacco! One likes the fellow. Everybody seems to like him. He finds time to write private letters to his colleagues and superiors. They are read aloud at those "little suppers" he can no longer attend in person, and the convives "crack their jaws with laughter" over his quips.

They also complain that he has become a nuisance, so often does he send them hunting all Italy for books. He wants Plutarch's Lives, for instance, which can be obtained only in Venice. For he must needs bury himself in the classics "to banish the memory of the horrible sights" he is compelled to witness. "It was intolerable to his disposition to be continually involved in so dense a tangle of infamy" as that which he discovered on his visits to the temporal princes, or "to live among men steeped in crime, ever ready for treachery and bloodshed, amenable to nothing but brute force." So writes a biographer. Consequently, he pens "ribald and facetious letters" for distraction, and asks continually to be permitted to return home to his wife and family. A rogue, it would seem, should have been made of sterner stuff.

In time he gets his wish, for—Savonarola having long since been executed by the enraged Signory—the republic of Florence once more falls into the hands of the Medici. Machiavelli's friend, the Gonfalonier Soderini, is deposed; and Machiavelli, who has taken a master strategist's part in the defense of the city, not only loses office but is banished for a year and compelled to pay a fine of 1,000 florins.

Reduced almost to want, he retires with his "brood" to his little villa near San Casciano—not, however, before being falsely accused of conspiracy against the returned Medici and put to the torture. He suffered four turns of the rack, says history—or six, as he himself alleges. And he adds, "I am really pleased with myself, and think that there is more in me than I ever believed before." He had really come through the ordeal very well for a scoundrel, and the scurrilous sonnets in which it was once believed he mocked his fellow-unfortunates in prison have proven to be forgeries. Whence, then, his evil reputation? For that—for the source, indeed, both of his shame and his glory—we must inquire into what he did while an exile in his villa near San Casciano.

THE OVERWHELMING IMPERATIVE

By DON KNOWLTON

OFTEN, since his marriage eight years ago, Edwards has been reminded of his grandmother. He has been reminded of her because his wife is so unlike her. His grandmother, as Edwards remembered her, was a bright-eyed, bright-cheeked little woman who kept moving about doing things. She did not hurry—yet all through the day she maintained a constant pace of action. When interrupted, she paused with an evident sense of a brief turning away from that which occupied her.

With the exception of a little fancy crocheting, she had no "accomplishments." She did not sing, she did not play, she had never been to a finishing school, she knew no foreign language, she was clumsy at cards, she did not read extensively. Yet, when the occasion arose, she conversed well and to the point. She was familiar with the political, economic and social problems of the day, and although she did not discuss them unless she was invited to do so, men listened to her with respect.

She had reared seven children, and done a good job of it. She ran a fourteen-room house, aided by one maid and a scrub-woman who came once a week. She did most of the cooking herself, and cooking, in those days, meant baking every day—bread, cakes, pies, cookies. The stove burned wood or coal. The floors were rough and had to be scrubbed often with soap and hot water. There were endless shutters to dust, carpets to beat, ironings, washings—involving a program which demanded daily the expenditure of very considerable physical effort. Of all this she herself shouldered the major portion. In addition, she did the family mending, kept a flower garden, knitted socks, canned fruit, and entertained.

His wife, Edwards reflected, had five rooms, whereas his grandmother had had fourteen. His wife listed as necessities a vacuum cleaner, an electric iron, a gas stove, electric lights, running water, a power sewing machine, an electric washing machine, a mangle, and steam heat. She canned no fruit, she did no washing nor ironing, she scrubbed no floors, she beat no carpets. She was rearing one child, a bit grudgingly.

Yet she really needed help in the house. When she was without it, she was exhausted. She had none of his grandmother's tranquil steadiness of pace. In fact, his wife seemed to Edwards to be forever resting between spasmodic efforts. "I'm so tired!" she would sigh, sinking upon the davenport. "I wish the Davids weren't coming." "What did you do today?" he would ask. "Oh, this morning I washed my hair, and this afternoon I went to the market."

It was not that she was lacking in physical strength. The girl was taller and broader than his grandmother had been—and she was only twenty-nine years old. She could swim half a mile, play a good game of golf or tennis, jump a horse over a four-foot hurdle. It

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was not, goodness knows, that she was mentally overtaxed. She was a college graduate—she knew French and German, had done a little writing, and had tried a bit of sociological research work. It was not that she had grown stale for lack of amusement. She did the Charleston, she won often at bridge, she went regularly to the theatre. She maintained customary social relationships with a large circle of friends. Yet she did none of these things to excess. But—she was tired. Even with a maid in the house, she was tired. Why?

There is a new force abroad in the world—a force which our grandmothers never knew; to which they were never subjected. This force I might name the overwhelming imperative.

The breakfast newspaper proclaims, "*Read* Riddled Hearts, the Flaming Serial of Life in Chinatown." She reads. Breakfast over, she tries to plan the day with the maid. The doorbell rings, *Open*. In steps a man who says, "*Place* this electric stove in your home and pay later." Weary of sales argument, she lies down on the davenport with a magazine. As she opens it, she is met with the commands, "*Buy* face powder. *Don't* let yourself grow old. *Make* your life easier. *Think* of your future." Before she has had a chance to get to the fiction, the phone rings, demanding *Answer*. Friend says, "*Meet* me downtown." She drives. All the way downtown, honks cry, *Beware*. Subconsciously, perhaps, but no less effectively (as billboard advertisers will testify) she is met with such exhortations as "*Try* our cakes. *Save* money. *Be* happy. *Don't* ruin your skin. *Buy* soap. *Have* comfort. *Own* your own home. *Forget* worry. *Build* with brick. *Wash* with ease. *Clean* your clothes." Downtown she chooses from the locations bearing the slogan, "*Park* here." On the avenue, a thousand display windows beg, "*Buy* this. *Buy* that," Signs thunder, "*See* this picture. *Come* to this show. *Don't* miss this play." The traffic officer signals to the drivers, *Stop*—*Go*. To the movies for refuge! Then home again, through the insistent honks—*Beware!*—and the task of running the gauntlet of billboard commands. At home, the victrola next door whines, *Listen!* The radio downstairs demands audience. For refuge she flies to the evening paper. Therein she is exhorted to buy, buy, buy, until her poor dear head is dizzy, and for relief she obeys the advice to "*Turn* to page eighteen for $5,000 Contest." There she reads, "*Win* prize and *surprise* hubby."

At about that time her husband comes in. Fresh from an office in which occupationally directed activity plus protection by the "information" girl has kept him clear of the commands of the overwhelming imperative, he wonders why his wife is "all tired out."

The overwhelming imperative has developed concomitantly with the later mechanical age. It is a call made upon the attention of the housewife, either by an article itself or by the advertising of that article, which is designed to induce her to purchase it. Some advertisers go so far as to admit frankly that their entire appeal is directed toward "the woman of the house." Many others say that about 85 percent of all buying in the United States is controlled or influenced by women. We find the overwhelming imperative, therefore, primarily a marketing force concentrated upon women.

Thus far its effect has been manifested particularly on the physical side. Women of today are tired. Grandmother's job was so to initiate and carry through activities that she might be able to lead the life she chose. The job of the wife today is so to resist imperatives that she may be able to choose the life she leads.

Grandmother was the executive of the household. She was not harassed by noise, lights, motion. She was not assailed by the everlasting commands of the billboard, newspaper advertisement, circular, display window, street-car card, daily fiction story, radio, telephone and victrola. But the wives of today are veritable sounding-boards upon which waves of appeal break interminably. The strength of a woman's personality is now measured not so much by physical accomplishment as by the nature and degree of her resistance to the overwhelming imperative.

As advertising, merchandising and distribution have become more perfectly coördinated, we find that to a greater extent than ever before advertising and merchandising campaigns are simultaneously timed throughout the nation. More and more women, from Los Angeles to Cape Cod, are influenced by the same overwhelming imperative at exactly the same time. Coördinated newspaper release, timed magazine and radio advertising, and the like, contribute to this result.

Aside from the physical effect, therefore, we may expect a standardizing effect. This is already becoming obvious. Women of the North, South, East and West—women of the big city and the small town—are more alike today than ever before. They read the same magazine advertisements, see the same billboard posters, thrill to the same installments of the same serials, and expose themselves to the same "standard presentation" of the doorbell-ringing salesman, as do the women of New York. National advertising and distribution have done their work.

The women of Oshkosh and New York are sold the same kind of hats, skirts, books, cars, sewing machines, breakfast foods, magazines, linoleum and fly-swatters. The conversion to silk stockings is now complete. All girls in North America dance to the same tunes at the same time. From newspapers and radio they pick up identical slang. They shed universal tears over the same film, and find solace in the same soft drink.

Women do not seek these things. They are sold. They are forced upon the attention of women by every known device which appeals to the eye or the ear. Advertising plays upon the whole keyboard of feminine emotion in its endeavor to stimulate the desire which leads to purchase. As fewer and fewer women, therefore, contrive to direct their own man-

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ners, dress and speech, the annual feminine crop may be expected to possess much the same extent of external individual differentiation as the year's automobile models.

The economic effect of the overwhelming imperative is complex. The degree of resistance which a wife opposes to the appeals of the advertisements and the salesmen often determines the measure of the financial success of the household. Workers in relief societies report that one of the main reasons which contribute to the wrecking of homes is the inability of the wives of moron grade to withstand the allurements of high-pressure selling. Barely removed from this class we find an amazingly large percentage of our population in which the husband's earning capacity runs a continual race with the wife's constant yielding to the demand to buy.

Thence we pass to the households in which the men, through success in production and distribution, have succeeded in attaining sufficient incomes to allow their wives to obey to a great extent the very imperatives which their husbands create. The usual characteristic of these households is that almost invariably the husband wishes to have his wife obey these imperatives. In his business, he is on the sending and not the receiving end. He thinks, he plans, he initiates. He bears toward his business much the same relationship that grandmother bore toward her household. He cannot realize that the very type of activity in which he is engaged is, on the whole, battering women's personalities into pattern-forms.

He is not anxious to have a wife who thinks for herself, who appreciates true rather than comparative values, who cares more for intelligence than appearances, who ventures to question the sanctity of production and distribution. He prefers a wife who will meet the distributors' formula. If, in so doing, she loses any semblance of individual personality, he is not sensible of the loss—for he assumes that the normal female personality is that upon which the appeals of the overwhelming imperative are formulated.

What of it? Certainly women's universal conformity to the imperative has given us comforts of physical living such as we have never known before. Are not these of far greater importance than independence of personality, initiative, power of individual thought? Is not a bath in hot water more vital than an intelligent discussion of the philosophy of Kant or Bergson? This is a matter for purely personal decision.

But to get back to Edwards. Edwards is an advertising man. His particular account is a silk underwear company. Though he may not realize it, he is hardly in a position to criticise his wife because she cannot do the work which his grandmother did.

CLINKERS FROM A POETRY SIEVE

By HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

WHEN Digger MacBrace decided to dress up his 1928 list with a few volumes of hand-tooled verse, I broke out the poetry sieve and stood by for an arduous sifting detail. Digger had never published a book of poems; indeed, he had always declared that poetry should never defile his catalogue nor deflate his bankroll. But having made several hundred thousand dollars on a musical joke-book, an outline of philosophy and a travel guide, he thought the time had come for him to do something for belles-lettres. He therefore let it be known that he was in the market for verse, and within three weeks received 262 manuscripts from acknowledged and suspected poets. Digger, thus beset, called me in to help him sift two good manuscripts from the pile. I carted home half of them, and after a solid month with the sieve, sent in my report advising Digger to —well, let me present a few of the more diverting specimens which it was my fortune to encounter in that ninety-eight pages of literary clinkerage.

Jade Flutes and Ivory Harpsichords, by Margalo Wearing Weathers.

Under the fingering of plump, well-married hands, these instruments emit a series of tinkling chords known to the profession as "sympathetic lyrics—not too long." The verses are orchestrated according to the registered formula for anthology publication, and are guaranteed to contain not less than 96 percent pure glucose on a gelatine base, tinctured with the most melancholy essence of verbena to be found in love's medicine chest. Night winds, ashes of desire, repentant willows and expiring candles are set in motion with all the other delicately-cogged machinery of music-box poetry; the wheels spin round in a jingling mazurka—and then the mechanism has to get wound up all over again.

Or, to change the figure: Pegasus is lashed with daffodil whips, he trots and ambles, but cannot fly. He has been gelded and perfumed and clipped until he is a perfectly nice little pony with a plaintive whinny and a sad, docked tail. Shelley or Whitman would call him a sick horse, and recommend immediate pistoling, but his life is preserved for the sake of thousands of ladies who adore his jogging gait.

In this manuscript Mrs. Wearing Weathers has used every known method of enfeebling, padding and utterly ham-stringing poetry. All the abandoned usages, the cloying sentimentalities and the hoary conceits of a shoal of fin de siècle poetizers have been compressed pansy-like between the covers of Mrs. Weather's album. Briefly, the white corpuscles of this poetry have been submerged in a tidal wave of

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molasses. But if you want a money-maker, clap this manuscript between boards and pray that it will find a place on our politest shelves, between Laurence Hope and Angela Morgan.

3 + 3 = 7, by V. V. Cuddings.

Here we have the Freud-Adler-Joyce young man, the esoteric lyricist with the dada esthetics all rolled up into nasty pellets to hurl at you when you ask, "But what does it mean?"

"Mean? What do you mean, what does it mean? It means just what a slide trombone, a glass of beer, or a flying brick means—only more vividly of course; more actually. We have abandoned the centrifugal in meaning; involution is significance—centripetally you understand. . . . "

Thus, after three hours of preliminary esthetics, you are able to plumb the simpler significances of the following line:

> "Ploc 3 winks spottle spattle all around Grosvenoritsky Sq. on a
> HOT aft-
> er- Noon gettingly but not seemingly getting the bibulo-passerine Spottle sheeny cluk spottle sputtle I said."

I am sure this means something, intensely, actually; but at no time should I care to interpret just what that centripetal something is. Wait till the Ulysses ink dries spattle spottle in Mr. Cuddings' glub sc-cr-ratch stylograph. In the meantime he might be played up as comic relief after a long evening of Guggenheim.

Wild Tamarack, by Virginia Wetzel.

This young woman is in revolt against something oppressive, and it really is bothering her; she cannot forget that life is a big conspiracy to get her down and strip her of all her freedom, but she is not going to let it conquer her, no no, so she is burning her candle at both ends and see what a pretty light it makes. Sometimes in defiance she sets her house upon the sands, or rides a great white charger across the barren glebe of love. No gebieter of a husband will ever keep her from racing with comets or from pulling singing meteors right down from the cosmic blue. As she herself says; "Though I wear my apron humbly, and lay the cloth for tea, they'll never, never get me down, not me . . . . Not me!"

Well, this grows heavily on one after nine pages, and no one I am sure will detain this young person very long in one place. Do not, dear Digger, make the mistake of publishing this as hot stuff because it went out of style some four years ago at the demise of a lady poet who was happily married all the time, and who is now making loads of money in the operetta business.

The New Hesperides, by Melvin Parkins Burch.

Melvin Parkins Burch has laid upon himself the composition of the Great American Epic. After battening on Prometheus Unbound, Orlando Furioso and Paradise Lost, Mr. Burch evidently decided to write a real poem combining the best features of all three. And to make the epic gesture convincing, he has elected to do the thing in blank verse. Accordingly, he has waxed big, molto ponderoso, majestical and dull. Marlowe is out-Christophered; Milton waves a puny wand. Like Dante, Melvin Parkins Burch invades hell for one of his most daring scenes (Book V, line 465; the shade of Benedict Arnold is discovered in converse with Boss Tweed and Simon Legree). But I enjoyed most the passage in which Mr. Burch celebrates the golden age of love in a boggish ululation of 301 lines, beginning:

> O tremulous portent, big with pregnant truth
> Glimm'ring with hope (so long deferred by sin)
> Touch now my parching lips with holy fire
> Vouchsafing tongues of pentecostal flame
> To bright-illume my pen . . . .

In the rush and swirl of much frenetic language the poet grows purple with prophetic passion, and we grow purple with laughter.

This opus now begs the boon of birth, as they say in the sonnets. But I suggest that we hold off a while longer. True, posterity may side with Mr. Burch in declaring that the MacBrace Company booted something awfully fine in refusing to publish this work. But the judgment of posterity will be easier to bear than the guffaws of contemporary critics who would have a rollicking time if this New Hesperides business appeared between covers. Personally, I should not like future ages to point their fingers at me and say, "There is the man who refused to give Burch a hearing"—so I leave to you the onus of casting the final blackball against this epic bard of a most unepical epoch.

At the Hoof and Cobbler, by E. P. Knisely.

This manuscript comes to me as the press-proof of a Fellowes and Towne publication. Evidently they have sent the proof from London, hoping that you will bring out an American edition.

I am sure these rhymes were meant to be much funnier than they actually are. Possibly they were a riot in England; perhaps the readers of Punch fell off their hassocks in paroxysms of glee as they read the excruciating verses of Mr. Knisely. But my American haha plexus was not audibly tickled by this British wag, and I went through the book with a misfire chuckle sticking in my epiglottis, waiting for the next page to be louder and funnier. I know how eager you are to get an explosive volume of light verse on your list, but E. P. Knisely doesn't deal in our kind of humorous gunpowder. Crossing the Atlantic, I think, has made his ammunition a trifle damp.

Sacristy Doves, by Gertrude Glassby Hepplewhite.

Though it be heresy of the darkest strain I must confess that my heart does not leap up when I behold the poetry of G. Glassby Hepplewhite. In Sacristy Doves she affects a naïve piety that will be hailed by large sections of the female population as "spiritually il-

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lumined," "mystically akin to the childlike faith of the great saints," etc. But to speak coldly, Mrs. Hepplewhite's verse is a weak-ankled nondescript, without revelation, ecstasy or apocalyptic vision. Hysteria, yes; poetry, no. The lady's music stems from the jingle; her sonnets are lathe-turned in manner and abgenutzt in substance. God is invoked, praised, and even magnified—but the total effect of this G. Glassby Hepplewhite poetry is to belittle Jehovah by decking Him out in baby-blue ribbons. Oh, that He might speak once more from the clouds, crumbling the hills with His voice, if only to paralyze this bevy of poeteers who drive a docile hack they call the Deity!

I know this sort of thing, eheu! from intimate contact with clerically-connected lady-swamis from the High-Middle-West. The simplicity affected by these ladies proceeds largely from their inability to stoke up thought and language to the incandescent condition of poetry. Their child-like faith proceeds from intellects so weak that they would collapse if they grappled with a metaphysical concept. I exult at this chance to muffle the pietistical chimings of Gertrude Glassby Hepplewhite.

A Sibylline Flight, by Granville McComas, Ph.D.

How jolly it is to stumble now and then upon a person who has discovered the secret of poesy, and who can tell you without false modesty just what the core and essence of the matter really is. In A Sibylline Flight, Dr. Granville McComas does just that. And he is eminently fitted for the task, too, being a Columbia Ph.D. and the editor of Sesame: A Magazine of Verse. Dr. McComas is now the Mogridge Professor of Prosody at Bryn Mawr, and the chapters of his book are careful revisions of lectures he has given to the senior class in poetry making.

A Sibylline Flight is divided into three major sections: Genesis, or the Sources of Poetry; Kinesis, or the Making of Poetry; Diaresis, or the Enjoyment of Poetry. It is quite a compendious work, and if it didn't contain so many excerpts (some acknowledged and some not-so-acknowledged) from Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, Wordsworth's Preface, and Shelley's Defense of Poetry, it would be a fairly original piece of writing. But the professor, long familiar with these masters, has unconsciously lifted portions of their work right over into his own book. Which, considering everything, is not so much unethical as unavoidable.

Suppose now, Digger, that you do not publish this work: what then? Why, the professor will dig deep into the academic hose and fish out his last $800. With this wad of currency he will go to a private publisher, and receive for his money 300 copies of A Sibylline Flight printed in caslon type on Old Meerschaum bond. 250 of these will be offered for sale, and the remaining fifty will make nice presentation copies to especially deserving students. Rather than deprive the doctor of the pleasure of seeing his own book through the press, let's say thumbs down.

And thus, after much industrious sifting, Digger brought out two volumes of verse. One was written by a child prodigy and her parents; the other was a poetical drama Hytaspes by a gr-reat American poet who got interested in some Nile legends. Both volumes received a superlative press, but after the first three months all sales permanently stopped. Figuring up the cost of manufacturing and marketing, together with my bill for expert services with the sieve, Digger found he had lost $1,100 on the deal. And having struck two solid blows in behalf of beautiful letters, he wisely went back to travelogues and outlines, conscious of $1,100 not very well spent.

I have put away my poetry sieve and will not take it out again till next fall, when the 1929 clinkers begin to fall thick and hot. In the meantime I expect to write a little poetry of my own, thus providing clinkerage for another hardworking sieve who sifts mightily elsewhere in publisher's alley. We all hope some time to find a piece of real anthracite sticking in the sieve —but lately the grist has been poor, the labor arduous and the clinkers never-ending.

THE CASE OF LARS ESKELAND

By THOMAS WALSH

THE act of the Norwegian Storthing, voting on May 23, eighty-three ballots against fifty-nine, to discontinue the national subsidy to the school of Voss unless the director, Lars Eskeland, hand in his resignation, has some interesting preliminaries that are recounted by H. D. Bechaux in a recent number of the Revue Apologetique.

After speaking with considerable detail of the conversion and the religious ardor of Sigrid Undset, the greatest of the Norwegian novelists, M. Bechaux goes on to tell us the story of the pedagogic efforts and successes of Lars Eskeland, no ordinary servant of education in Norway. In 1895 he founded, from his own funds and a subsidy from the state, one of those popular high schools (folkehoiskole) that are held in great esteem in Norway, with the purpose not only of instructing but also of educating, of forming the heart and character as well as the intelligence, of the pupils. These schools group together students of from twenty to thirty years, young men and women under the watchful eye of the director and his wife into a sort of family union. The course covers two years, that is two Norwegian winters, so that the agricultural activities of the people may suffer no inconvenience.

There is an interesting history concerned with the folkehoiskoles; their origin is Danish and is accredited to the Lutheran pastor, Grundtvig (1838-1872) a poet and historian as well as a theologian. In 1870 this enthusiastic movement for the uplift of the farming classes was brought into Norway by Christopher Bruun. Although borrowing from the system of their founders, each school is entirely independent and takes its character from its individual director and professors.

For more than thirty years, Lars Eskeland was head of the Voss school, one of the most esteemed of these institutions. On the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation (October 10, 1925) he was formally decorated by the king of Norway. In his address, Herr Eskeland stressed his threefold principle: to cultivate Norwegian character and patriotism—to strengthen the bonds of the Christian faith—to develop love of the home

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and the homeland. On this occasion he explained his recent conversion to the Catholic Church:

"I found I could not remain in a church that disputed about Christ in His very temples; where one met with clergymen who taught the Divinity of Christ and with others who denied it. In the Catholic Church I find peace; there one does not dispute about Christ."

And he added this significant bit of personality—"Another reason for my conversion is my private conviction that I could not afford to do without the sacrament of penance."

In 1925-26, when Lars Eskeland had returned from a pilgrimage to Rome, one of the deputies of the Storthing, Herr Belland, publicly questioned the Minister of Cults, Pastor Magelsen, "Can a Catholic direct a school that receives a state subsidy in Norway?" Lars Eskeland replied that he had been requested to remain in charge of his school by the previous Minister of Cults, Ivar Tveiter; that there was a Lutheran pastor in charge of the religious instruction of his pupils, and the utmost respect was paid to the state religion. The dispute found its way into the newspapers, and in September, 1926, the union of directors of the folkhoiskoles delivered a unanimous vote in favor of his continuance in office. Whereupon, the Lutheran bishops of Oslo, Hamar, Kristiansand and Tromso, voted for his dismissal, against the votes of the bishops of Trondhjem, Bergen and Stavanger, who desired to retain him at his post under certain conditions.

The lenten sermons of 1927 took on a character of violent disquisition, in which the University of Oslo was made the scenes of wild attacks on the Roman Church by Madame Martha Steinsvik and Pastor Sigurd Normann, who combined an assault upon Fascismo and the Church, which they curiously confused together. She was met in controversy in the columns of Aftenposten, the leading newspaper of Oslo, by Father Lutz, with gallant rejoinders which were unexpectedly supplemented by some truly brilliant letters to the same columns by Sigrid Undset herself, who carried the controversy regarding the merits, personal and religious, of Martin Luther to their logical consequences; the learned novelist showing that in Norway, at least, the body of the Lutheran founder's works was, with few exceptions, quite unknown and hence that his true character was left hidden from many pious people's minds. On April 11, 1927, the Aftenposten suddenly suspended the controversy from its pages and on May 23, as we have noted before, the Norwegian Parliament voted to withdraw its subsidy from the school at Voss, until the director, Lars Eskeland, should hand in his complete resignation.

Sleep

Sleep is a greyhound tethered to a tree
Down in my garden where the night winds go
Arm in arm; their mist of drapery
Like wings above the hollyhocks that blow
And nod politely when they see me pass
Trailing my long green shadow through the grass—

Down where sleep, straining a silver leash,
Waits till I come—his body arched to spring
In joyous welcome while the night winds watch
His shining limbs set free of everything,
Outrunning me far down the garden way
Until we meet dawn walking with the day.

VIRGINIA J. FOLEY.

COMMUNICATIONS

ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your correspondent Anastatia M. Lawler charges me with a lack of information but fails to furnish any, except the very interesting information that some of her forefathers were among the founders of one of the original thirteen colonies.

Assuming, as she writes, that God made the world for all the people, there is still no evidence that He designated the United States as a dumping-ground for the undesirables from all other countries. There may be islands inhabited only by savages to which the people of this country might move in order to make room for immigrants, if your correspondent can prevail upon our citizens to migrate to such islands.

I did not, like your correspondent, venture to assert what attitude Thomas Jefferson would take today if called upon to decide the questions presented 100 years ago, but I said, and now repeat what is assuredly no more than an obvious fact—that he would have, to assist him in making a decision, a great mass of data then lacking.

Woman was undoubtedly created as man's mate and no one will deny that she has performed her full share of the partnership duties in founding the home and rearing the family. She is now able, ready and willing to take her part in governing and conducting the state, which is only a larger home with a more numerous family.

Father Mathew was a wonderful priest. He induced his followers to become total abstainers from alcoholic liquors, and, while he lived, great progress resulted from his efforts to abolish or minimize the curse of liquor-drinking. But upon his death the influence and propaganda of distillers and brewers nullified all that he had done. For their own profit they created conditions so bad that the late Archbishop Ireland—of blessed memory—announced that organized vice could be met only by organized righteousness, and proceeded to evolve the plan upon which the Anti-saloon League is founded. It is difficult for the average person to understand that total abstinence, as urged by Father Mathew, is to be considered something essentially and completely different from total abstinence, as promoted by the Anti-saloon League.

FRANK HOPKINS.

TOO MANY DOCTORATES

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor:—Isn't it time for someone to protest against the plethora of doctorates honoris causa which are being strewn recklessly right and left by some of our universities and colleges? The matter is no longer a joke.

Mentioning names or localities would of course be out of place here, but I have in mind in particular one rather small institution which conferred ten honorary degrees last June.

Formerly a doctorate was intended as an attempt to recognize outstanding ability and accomplishment, but nowadays it often appears as an effort to confer fame upon obscurity. With all due respect to the nobility of their vocations and of their work, administrative officers, by their mere attention to duty even over a long period of years, are scarcely entitled to the degree of Doctor of Laws. The same applies to most of the teachers and officers of instruction in our jerkwater colleges.

IRVING A. J. LAWRES.

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UNLESS HE WENT A-FISHING

Newport, R. I.

TO the Editor:—

When Doctor Angelicus skips a week
'Tis natural to suppose
That not a thing disturbed him,
E'en a fly upon his nose;
And quieter must the corner be,
And shut the library door;
Though safe to say his heart is still
As open as before.

Now silence is most golden
Only when it tends to bring
About a peace of mind, and not
A piece of mind to sting.

On reading of the pages
Of The Commonweal each week
One looks to find near to the end
A restful spot, nor bleak
For lack of glowing embers
Cheering to the heart with love
That now and then remembers
To give the world a shove,
And forward, upward, daring
To lift from off the well
The lid, all to be sharing
Truth's freedom for a spell,
Out in the sun to see it,
The millions with their eyes,
To know it, and to feel it
Is the dearest thing to prize.

Unless he went a-fishing,
Perhaps a sole to get,
There's no excuse—yet wishing
Him the best of luck, and wet
Inside a little, plodding
Upstream and down, and then
Upon the ocean codding,
Smile baited with his pen.

M. F. SHEA.

REGARDING CATHOLIC DRYS

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Referring to that portion of your Week by Week in the issue of July 27 which carried the following:

"But it is quite as wrong to make Governor Smith's religion the crucial point inside the Church as out of it. When we find a Catholic editor saying, for instance, that the reply to Marshall ought to be disavowed because an Italian paper has termed it 'dangerously liberal,' and that Rome itself disapproved of that reply—because it hastened to declare that it was not interested in anybody's chances for the Presidency—we cannot but feel that venom and inconsistency have been oddly mingled by Catholic drys."

Mr. Arthur Preuss, editor of the Fortnightly Review, wrote this editorial, and his readers fully realize he has never at any time been in sympathy with prohibition, but on the other hand has been very much opposed to it, all of which makes your closing charge against "Catholic drys" wholly unjustified.

"Catholic drys," as you term us, have been very appreciative of the reply of Governor Smith to Mr. Marshall as being helpful to the status of Catholics in this country.

We appreciate that The Commonweal has not been intolerant in its opposition to prohibition, as some of the other Catholic weeklies have been.

P. H. CALLAHAN,
Secretary, Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition.

DE VALERA AND THE DAIL

Montreal, Quebec.

TO the Editor:—Under Week by Week for August 24 there is a note regarding Irish republicans. You say De Valera has failed to assist those who are trying to discover Kevin O'Higgins's assassins.

Not only did De Valera denounce the assassination, but the Free State authorities actually offered him police protection against the assassins.

Now, with all their resources, the police have failed, to date, to find the assassins; hence the only inference to be drawn from your assertion is that De Valera is shielding them. Although you may think independence for Ireland should be denied, the assertion referred to is a hit below the belt, and in common decency you should withdraw it.

Also, it is false to say that De Valera's entry into the Dail is a follow-up to his "failure to assist." An acquaintance with Irish affairs sufficient to warrant your commenting on them at all would have shown you that the object in entering the Dail was to prevent the turmoil and bloodshed likely to follow on the enforcement of the law (passed by a minority of the people's representatives) abolishing the constitutional right of the people to initiation and referendum.

Instead of carping at Irish republicans, why not have a fling at the blasphemy of those who use God's Holy Name in a political game to disfranchise their political opponents?

S. M. HALTON.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Cork, Ireland.

TO the Editor:—William James had his jest; saying that, at the name of Chicago, Norton used to faint. But he honored him; and to Professor Norton's house he took me, a young man, one Christmas (about 1890) to a reception at which James did not pretend not to be inevitably bored, but at which our honored host was entertaining—if I understood rightly—any Harvard student too far from home to go down for the Christmas vacation. Mr. Whitridge alludes to this.

The saying of Charles Eliot Norton's that may interest your readers was this, spoken to the present writer not long out from Ireland:

"I think that the best thing that ever happened to New England, in modern times, was the coming of the Irish. I do not see how else the old, narrow, impossible and undeveloping ideas of New England Puritanism could ever have been softened and made to flow."

Yet, as The Commonweal of August 3 says, people have thought of Norton as only an ineffectual New Englander. And in his shady old Boston-Cambridge place (then, at least, uncut up by the builder) New England could claim him as one of her very own aristocracy.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

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POEMS

The Quest

Lo, I met Him in the street.
There He stayed my tired feet.

Lo, He stopped me in the street,
Touched my bruised, my tired feet,

Bade me linger in the shade,
Rest awhile, be unafraid.

"Far and wide roamed your feet,
But you looked not in the street;

"Up and down, behind, around,
Straining, as no trace you found;

"Down and up, around, behind—
On the highway you were blind."

And I knelt at the words' sound.
"I have found You; I have found!"

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING.

Confiteor

Almighty God, Thy high omnipotence
I worship in the ceaseless, termless sea,
Where every surge proclaims Thy majesty
And my adoring soul's frail impotence—
Confess, like any pagan, the immense,
Unknowable, inscrutable, mind in Thee,
In those, Thy stars that touch infinity,
A million worlds in one obedience.

But Thou dost arm me round with moon-lit hedge
And fold me in with silent autumn trees
And put a star above my window ledge
And in my very breast the throbbing seas,
A singing loneliness, Thy friendship's pledge,
Endearing vocables of silences.

LOUISA GIBSON.

Junipero Serra

The sunset trails along the windy gorge
Know him no more.
The far-flung forests, dangerous and dim,
Sigh as before.

For he has passed. Passed—not as warlike men
Who ride in might—
Yet valiantly, half prophet, with a prayer,
And faith in right.

Birth, marriage, death—he knew great joys and woes
As wise men can.
He guarded even in the wildnerness
The soul of man.

MARGARET SKAVLAN.

Our House

Our house is built behind a wall,
And even people who are tall
Cannot see over it at all.

O dear! Can you imagine why
They had to make the wall so high
I cannot see what's going by?

For in the street the children play,
And I can hear them on their way
To school and coming back each day.

But I am not allowed to go
Into the street, and so—and so—
What they are like I never know.

And I am not allowed to call
"Hello!" to anyone at all,
Nor climb and sit upon the wall!

MARY DIXON THAYER.

The Embrace

The sunset-dragons flicked their tongues of fire
Through hazes like a dust of malachite
Caught in the gorges. We were climbing higher
To reach a better trail before the night.
He said: "Now there is beauty! I can see
In it the awful raptures and despairs—
While you waste praises on a cedar tree."
I said: "It stays—and see the crown it wears."

We came to it, alone against the sky,
Upon a ledge that held a path and then
Broke off in space. He stumbled, passing by,
And seized the trunk, and stood erect again,
Felt firm, rough bark from shaking knees to face,
And pressed still closer in a wild embrace.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Givers

Edith gives on holydays;
Ada gives in small ways;
Anne, with nothing, gives, for she's the proudest creature living;
Little old Teresa gives beautifully, always,
She has plenty and to spare, and a gift for giving.

Isabel gives cautiously;
Eleanor gives sweetly;
In a spoiled-child sort of giving Laura takes delight;
Little old Teresa gives happily, completely,
From the fountain of her faith morning, noon and night.

KATHARINE ALLISON MACLEAN.

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BOOKS

Professional Patriots: An Exposure of the Personalities, Methods and Objectives Involved in the Organized Effort to Exploit Patriotic Impulses in These United States During and After the Late War, edited by Norman Hapgood. Material Assembled by Sidney Howard and John Hearley. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $1.50.

WHENEVER one meets the Menckenesque incantation, "these United States," one is prepared for an intemperate and narrow-visioned diatribe which—in the present instance—is surprisingly absent. Norman Hapgood may have his ideas as to the sort of country "these United States" should be, but he keeps them to himself. His collaborators, Messrs. Howard and Hearley, may not think too highly of things as they are, but they have done their work with a good deal of objectivity.

However, compliments aside, Professional Patriots should be recognized as a distinctly partisan effort, a counter-offensive by the radicals against the self-seeking and bell-mouthed apostles of Our County, 'Tis of Me. It was written because one group of people (who are conveniently enumerated in the back of the book) are engaged in attacking another group of people (who are also enumerated). It is, therefore, a point of singular interest that one out of four of the eighty-odd individuals who have endorsed this study of patriotism for profit, are to be found in the stirring list of the "Attacked." The study, consequently, has the tremendous clarity of hatred, and only careful editing has kept its language within the bounds of scholarship. Scholarship it is, none the less, and of a sort much needed. It is evidently a contribution to future history to learn that the majority of the patrioteers are linked, often by a golden thread, to the big industrialists, capitalists and employers of labor in this country. It is not so evident, however, that there is anything intrinsically vicious in this practice.

In a democracy it is unquestionably necessary to convince before you can govern. In "these United States," it is customary to incorporate before you can convince. That is the gist of the whole matter. It does not seem that anything can or should be done about it. If the employers of Los Angeles desire to establish or maintain the open-shop principle, they can with perfect propriety incorporate their Better America Federation, to urge that the open shop is a traditional American institution. If they succeed, score one for them. That's democracy. If, on the other hand, the radically-minded desire to establish collective bargaining, they can, with equal propriety, work through the American Civil Liberties Union, and protect, through our constitutional guarantees, the social and economic alteration of conditions. If they succeed, they score. That, too, is democracy. It's all a choice of patriotic principles; and neither of them is entirely disingenuous. So long as the decision is registered through the appropriate legal or deliberative channels, patriotism for industrial profit and liberalism for radical socialism alike are justified in both their methods and their aims.

However, it is distinctly in the public interest that from time to time there should be formulated a sort of Who's Who for this controversy. Messrs. Hapgood, Howard and Hearley set out by listing the principal organizations which are dedicated to the articulate advancement of patriotism. Excluding the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan, they are found to have about 25,000 members.

Starting with the undeniable statement that "Like any valuable human emotion—like religion, family duty, ambition, thrift—patriotism can easily be seized upon as a popular banner under which to carry on unworthy enterprises which have nothing whatever to do with patriotism in the sense of willingness to make sacrifices for the common good," Mr. Hapgood proceeds to state that "All these organizations exist primarily for propaganda. Their main activity therefore is printing literature and giving out press copy." Moreover, "None of the organizations makes public its contributors. None makes any public financial report of income and expenditures, not even to its own members." He deduces, however, that $250,000 a year is the least amount they can keep going on. "A few," he concedes, "are honest, in the sense that they are composed of persons who are not trying to make the world safe for money under the pretense of making it safe from disorder," but evidence assembled before congressional committees in 1920 and 1924 reveals that in the majority of cases these societies receive their principal support from wealthy men and from powerful corporations.

The case is well-documented and would stand up as evidence in any court of equity. A clear connection is established between the professional patriots and big business. Where the editors may have gone astray is, one feels, in their cavalier dismissal of patriotism as a cogent factor in the inception and operation of these societies. May it not be that even a millionaire can love his country?

Let us take one instance. Assuming that big business supports patriotism solely for what it can get out of patriotism, how does it happen that one finds the patrioteering societies so united in their support of immigration restriction? It should be obvious that it is to the profit of industrialists to have the unlimited supplies of cheap labor implicit in unrestricted immigration, not merely as a means of keeping down the cost of production, but also as a weapon with which to break down the power of union labor. So when one finds these "kept" patriots urging a policy against the economic interests of their patrons, one is inclined to doubt the conclusiveness of Mr. Hapgood's reasoning. He will undoubtedly object that the reason employers agree to keep out foreign labor is that they fear lest the latter will bring in the germs of Bolshevism. This contention is not conclusive, however, and remains to be proven.

Another, and especially irritating, aspect of the "patriots" is their horror of pacifism. How does that accord with the economic interest of their employers? In rare cases one may attribute a direct connection between policy and munitioneering, but in the majority of instances no such relationship exists. Might it not be that there are people in this country who really feel that its interests are menaced by the spread (uncompensated abroad) of pacifist doctrines? This is a bold assumption and is offered with great timidity.

Here is one even bolder. Might it not be that the pacifists themselves are unconsciously working in the interest of other powers hostile to this country? One appreciates Mr. Hapgood's generous assumption that many of the members of the patriotic societies don't know how or why they are being used. Will Mr. Hapgood make the same assumption in the favor of the pacifists? Might not pacifism "like religion, family duty, ambition, thrift—patriotism," "easily be seized upon as a popular banner under which to carry on enterprises which have nothing to do with" pacifism in the sense of unwillingness to use violence to achieve national policy?

It is conceivable. There are numerous pacifist societies operating in this country, more numerous in fact than the

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self-seeking patriotic societies. It is in their clumsy efforts to do to these pacifist organizations what Mr. Hapgood has done to the patriotic societies, that the latter have committed most of the blunders for which Mr. Hapgood so sensibly corrects them. Yet a glance at the world today shows that there are several foreign powers, not counting the Third International, which stand to benefit from an America morally and physically disarmed. In one sense it is fortunate that the Third International is our patriots' conventional bugaboo, for at least it prevents the necessity for naming the friendly nations who are seeking to mold our national policy through the activities of the pacifists and other lawfully incorporated, correctly nomenclatured committees, associations, alliances and leagues, for this, that or t'other worthy cause.

In the long run, public opinion learns to know what's what in all this turmoil. Bit by bit, as the facts appear on the record, the public learns to fight shy of propaganda. Now, after reading Professional Patriots, the public will never again pay very much attention to the oratundities of Stanwood Mencken and Ralph Easley, to mention but two in Mr. Hapgood's compact Patriot's Gallery. One hopes, on the other hand, that soon there will be an opportunity to examine an equally objective statement of Who's Who in Pacifism, Radicalism and the Civil Liberties Union, in order that the public may judge the relative merits of peace and patriotism and social evolution, without reference to personalities or propaganda. For this, Mr. Hapgood has established a laudable precedent—let his adversaries emulate him if they can.

JOHN CARTER.

The Monroe Doctrine: 1823-1826, by Dexter Perkins. New York: Harvard University Press.

NOTHING which adds to the general understanding of certain constants in American history is a "work of supererogation," as Mr. Perkins suggests in his preface that this study might be. It is necessary today as it never was before to analyze microscopically each phase of those formulae or practices which form the bases of our policies at home and abroad. It is necessary to separate those which are basic from those which are merely convenient and again, from those which are outworn, if such there be.

Americans of 1927 are not the Americans of 1827. In great numbers, they are not their descendants but rather their critical successors. Some general sentiments of the former period and conditions no longer exist. Some continue to exist strongly but under altered conditions leading to discrepancies between principle and practice. With widening interest and easier approach to state papers and private records not heretofore accessible, new evidence is available from which to draw conclusions as to certain guiding principles, and to restate them, stripped of the accretions and incrustations of our defensive years.

In 1827 there was no articulate West as there is today; it was a region of deeds rather than of written words. The Civil War disrupted southern influence and destroyed for half a century the weight of southern opinion. European sources of evidence as to American doings of one hundred years ago are but recently open to American research; Latin-American sources for this period are not yet developed. Our historical studies still depend in great part from the quiet though slightly self-conscious culture of New England. That is the only criticism I would offer of Mr. Perkins's excellent study. He analyzes with care the influence of Adams and of Monroe himself upon the formulation of those guiding policies laid down in the President's message. He recognizes no such danger as is frequently alleged, of active aid by the Holy Alliance to Spain, for the reduction of the former Spanish colonies in America. He minimizes British coöperative influence in calling forth the message and goes very near to excluding South American influence or even interest in its principles.

He concludes that: "The Monroe Doctrine derives its power and authority neither from the name of Monroe, nor from the labors of Adams, nor from the utterances of any other. Its power lies in the fact that it expressed what many men, great and humble, had thought, were thinking then, and were to think in the future. The ideas which it set forth were in the air. True or false, they were views to which the common thought of America might respond." That is fact, and because it is fact, it does not do to dismiss quite so lightly as he does those things which put these general views "in the air" as imponderables, nor to conclude too positively as to evidence in advance of the opening of records outside of New England and Europe. We are only beginning American research.

For example, Mr. Perkins dismisses too casually, in my opinion, the basis of a very interesting intensive study with the sentence: "Mr. C. L. Chandler would have us believe that it (the Monroe Doctrine) was of South American origin." (Charles Lyon Chandler, Inter-American Acquaintances, Sewanee University Tennessee, 1917, pp. 161-169). That statement is both too broad and too narrow. Latin-American records are not yet tapped. South American influence upon those ideas which "were in the air," and which were given form in the President's message, has by no means been explored. The efforts toward alliance of North and South America in defence of their common liberty which were made by the first South American representative accredited to, and accepted by the United States (Don Manuel Torres) were not purely personal. It is not to be assumed that he spoke merely for himself or only for Colombia. Colombia itself represented far more in South America during that struggle for independence than any of its component states do today as sovereign nations. Moreover, there is room for valuable research into Torres's influence in the United States quite apart from his relations with the President or with Adams. Torres died here and was buried from the Meade house in Philadelphia. Meade, who had lived in Spain, whose children were born in Spain, had quixotically involved his great fortune in the cause of Ferdinand VII against Napoleon. Deeply disappointed in the character of the king he had helped to restore to the throne; disgusted with the inanity of Ferdinand's South American policy; bitterly hurt by the king's shabby treatment of himself, Meade, with several Philadelphians whose descendants are equally prominent today, was engaged in equipping privateers for Mexican and South American use against Spain. Mr. Perkins is not impressed by the possible weight with the government, of New England's commercial interests in South America. The measure of influence of a wealthy and powerful Catholic Philadelphian who could pass for a Spaniard, who was on the closest terms with the Spanish nobility and in sympathy sentimentally and commercially with the aspirations of Spain's former colonies is, however, worthy of consideration. Finally, Meade was personally allied with Henry Clay by one of the deep affections which are rare today between men, and Clay was the outstanding proponent, in American political life, of South American liberties and aspirations. It is premature to reject South American influence, though exercised indirectly, upon the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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Selected Letters of Baron Friedrich von Hügel, edited by Bernard Holland. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.00.

ONE takes up the thick volume of Baron Friedrich von Hügel's published correspondence with a sense of two-fold loss. The Baron himself was a richer and more luminous personality when he died at seventy-two than he had ever previously been. Indeed, some of the last pages he wrote—those dealing with certain forms of Indian mysticism—were so discerning and yet so solid that one's mind went back immediately to the best work of Cardinal Newman, after whose death English Catholic writing came down to a level more contentious, positivistic and often bizarre. Likewise the passing of Bernard Holland himself before the present work of love could be completed took from us a reverent scholar worthy of communion with the great, and gifted with an eye for historical perspective. The book is not finished. It displays troublesome gaps which the reader seeks in vain to bridge. The introductory memoir, however, is admirably lucid and synthetic. Essential facts regarding modernism in England are offered without gloss in an unpretentious summary which, for instance, seems to define Father Tyrell's position more exactly than almost anything else recently written.

The modernist label was never officially attached to Baron von Hügel, and yet it seems fairly certain he could not have lived tranquilly in a literalist atmosphere. One must admit this fact even while hastening to add that his outlook involved a multitude of modifications and distinctions which men like Loisy completely disregarded. Fundamentally the Baron's religious philosophy reposed upon a highly spiritual principle: he was sure that the essence of what God had revealed to man, as well as the substance of the religious relation, would become more beautifully clear according as one used accurate scientific criticism to strip it of accumulated non-essentials. His was that genuine humility which abhors skeptical hypothesis for its own sake, which clings resolutely to a thousand unrhetorical logical distinctions if these will serve to produce a more life-like image of truth. Indeed he was very like a painstaking sculptor, chiseling away at excrescences, at the too much of stone here and there, so that the luminous, real face might be revealed. Such a man must necessarily have more of patience than of pride.

His letters, written during twenty-eight years, touch to a considerable extent upon the great, tragic controversies of the time. Yet their total effect is precisely the reverse of disturbing. What we see is a singularly great, scholarly, charitable individual. There are times—infrequent unfortunately—when one opens a new book and finds there an impressive personality, whose influence is sustaining and beneficent, and whose significance lies rather in the goal at which he has arrived than in the means used to arrive. The Baron's letters make up just such a book. Reading through them is comparable to the experience of walking about in a gallery of pictures each one of which conveys deep religious emotion—even invariably Catholic emotion—though the use of perspective and such matters may be unfamiliar. During his lifetime, the Baron was influential particularly among non-Catholics, to whom he could present Catholic points of view (especially such as were derived from saintly mysticism) in a manner that induced respect and often conviction. The number of those whom he helped into the Church is small—he was always afraid of "forcing" a soul—but the fact that he did lead some seems a fairly good proof that grace was with his work. It is not unlikely that

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from now on Von Hügel will come to mean more to Catholics themselves. His works are not easy reading, but they carry conviction to those increasingly numerous minds who are influenced by unswerving love of truth more than by any other thing.

Notice, for instance, this little note to Henri Garceau: "I am so glad to give you this really beautiful edition of the Greek New Testament—doubtless the greatest book, or rather collection of writings, extant amongst mankind. I am now in my seventieth year, and I have in no wise exhausted these writings for my outlook, my strengthening, my practice, every day and hour. And of yourself I can only expect that you should cultivate a sense of being, in your earlier years especially, yet also throughout your life, thus always lagging behind an adequate comprehension of these depths and heights." And there are a thousand passages even more definite and virile, which can be taken in like food. The Baron wrote, of course, for mature and even masculine minds, not for children and fools. These minds he can help and they should be encouraged to read him closely, confidently.

One must nevertheless remain constantly aware of the fact that Von Hügel was not properly a theologian. That title can, one thinks, safely be coveted only by priests. It involves a certain element of vocation which none can acquire by force. The Baron always thought of himself as a religious philosopher, and as such was forced to live through the contemporary era of thinking. While doing so he may have been particularized a little by the Germanic cast of his mind, but the success of his life as a whole is proved by the fact that he grew straight through events and ideas which have twisted and bent numerous other people. He has the abiding value of a noble model, and his letters are valuable because they reveal that model intimately—a presence without meanness or dishonesty, a just man.

The volume is ably edited, the selection (one somehow feels) has been discriminatingly made. There are some errors of detail: Hochland, Dr. Karl Muth's review, never was a modernist publication, although it published a part of Fogazzaro's Il Santo before that book was condemned. One may well wish it had been possible to include some of the letters which passed between Von Hügel and Troelsch, as well as a certain portion of the earlier correspondence. But perhaps the editor was wise in restricting the material to one large volume. It must be termed a valuable contribution to the history of religious philosophy and also an aid to our knowledge of a singularly great scholar.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Guide for the Perplexed, by Moses Maimonides; translated by M. Friedlander. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THE new edition of Maimonides's "Guide for the Perplexed" presents the great work of the Jewish scholar in a form within the reach of students of theology and Jewish literature. The Dalalat al-hairin was originally composed in Arabic and was subsequently put into Hebrew during the lifetime of its author. It delighted many among the Jewish scholars, but met with some adverse criticism on account of the peculiar views held by Maimonides concerning angels, prophecy and miracles. Controversies continued to divide the learned and the result of Maimonides's attempt to effect a reconciliation between reason and revelation was left in dubious result. According to his opinion, "man should only believe

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what he can grasp with his intellectual faculties, perceive by his senses, or what he can accept on trustworthy authority. Beyond this nothing should be believed. Astrological statements, not being founded on any of these three sources of knowledge, must be rejected."

Maimonides, the son of a learned Talmudist, was born at Cordoba, Spain, on March 30, 1135. His early years, his teachers and places of study are lost in obscurity. He was twenty-three years of age when he published a treatise on the Jewish Calendar. The Moors captured Cordoba when Maimonides was about thirteen years of age and his family is supposed to have crossed the sea into exile in Egypt. He was probably supported in later years by his brother David, a dealer in gems, while he published a number of treatises and works of learning, extraordinary for this troubled period. He later became court physician to Saladin and his nobles, and resided near Cairo where his medical duties interfered seriously with his theological studies. The Guide for the Perplexed was an attempt to explain away the difficulties raised over his Mishneh Torah, a religious guide which he wished to confirm by his philosophical principles. His death occurred in 1204, when he had reached his seventieth year, and the universal regret of his people was summed up in the proverb that "From Moses to Moses there was none like Moses."

RODERICK GILL.

Stonyhurst War Record, issued by the authorities of Stonyhurst College. 1927.

AMONG the books about the great war which continue to come off the presses with a tempo that shows no present sign of diminishing are many whose circulation, it is safe to prophesy, will be scant compared to more lurid chronicles, but whose value, to any student of war and war's reactions upon the human psyche, is not to be measured by their ostensible appeal. The Stonyhurst War Record, as its name implies, is a compilation intended mainly for alumni of the great Jesuit school in Lancashire. It gives some account, necessarily succinct, of 168 old pupils who were killed or died from wounds or accidents on the various British fronts. Reinforced as it is by extracts from letters home, official documents and survivors' narratives, it throws a very strong, if incidental, light upon the spiritual life that these young men maintained during four years of war.

"Captain B.," so writes a chaplain, "came forward and served my Mass that morning and went to his duty with many others . . . . We had a little chat in the sacristy after Mass was over, and, knowing the danger he was going into, he said: 'If I am called this time, Padre, you have prepared me well. I trust all in God now.'"

Of Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. B. of the Indian army: "His sense of duty was strong and clearly defined. For him, in the pithy formula of the Indian native soldier, a hookum (command) was a hookum, whether it came from his C. O. or his Church."

Of Lieutenant D. another chaplain writes: "He had nothing to fear, a splendid, straight, pure-minded and steady lad. He walked in the midst of temptation without a stain."

"Dick has been a credit to Stonyhurst. Of late, even at the front, he has been a daily communicant. . . . It was a wonderful sight to see everybody kneeling in the slush and soaked to the skin and hearing Mass, some for the last time. We had Mass for the battalion in the wood on two bully-beef boxes, and everybody went to Holy Communion."

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Of Second Lieutenant C. J. G.: "His own acount of his feelings was that when leading on a charge he became unnaturally calm. . . . On one occasion he heard that a Catholic chaplain was with an Irish regiment some three miles away. Off he went at once and secured that all Catholics in his battalion went to confession and Holy Communion."

Of a young flying captain who died of his wounds a few days after winning the Victoria Cross for one of the most spectacular acts of gallantry during the war, we are told: "He was perfectly conscious and with great fervor and devotion repeatedly kissed the crucifix, and repeated over and over again the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and other ejaculatory prayers, and the act of contrition. . . ."

A Catholic corporal writes home telling of the death of one of the few officers of general rank killed during the war while visiting the trenches, and already decorated with the Victoria Cross. "I was there when he was hit and helped to ease him by bathing his head. I heard him say something about an Agnus Dei, so I asked him if he wished for one. He said he had one, but would like to have a crucifix. At that moment I forgot about my rosary, so gave him the medal, which he eagerly took. . . . It was grand to see the comfort and relief these simple objects of piety gave his mind. . . . He died four hours later."

In the record of these soldiers whose alma mater was Stonyhurst, we need not look for anything approaching the human document that such a life as that of Lieutenant Carlier, of the French army, recently reviewed in these columns, presents. The phlegm that is a British tradition, the shyness that inhibits the young Saxon or Celt (about half the names are Irish) from drawing aside the veil that covers the secret places of the heart, precludes any such thing. Nevertheless, from the few terse phrases, written to reassure loved ones at home, from the relations of Catholic or non-Catholic comrades and superiors, conscious of what Catholic parents would most wish to hear, we get a surprising and consoling picture of young manhood facing death in the prime and pride of life.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

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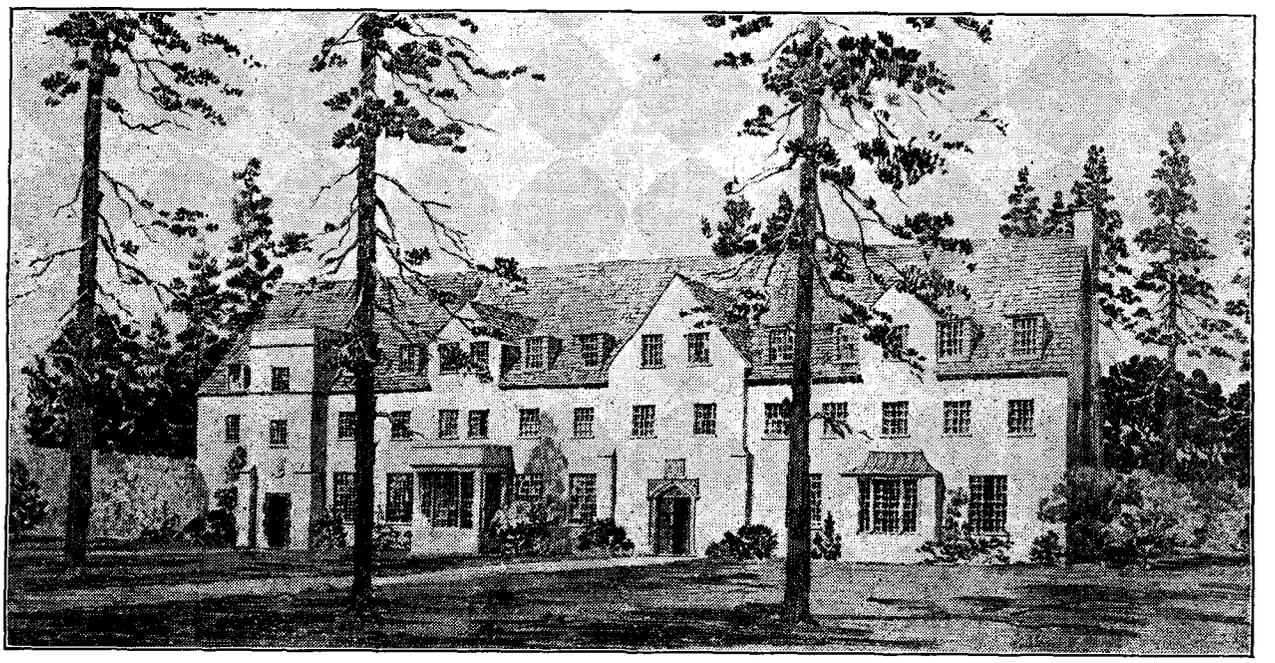

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"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

The reports that reached the library regarding the condition of Doctor Angelicus were not altogether reassuring. He had retired for his summer vacation to his bungalow near Peterborough, "just far enough away," as he said, "not to hear them reading their poems to one another." Last reports of him were brought by our adolescing Titivillus, who is now the proud possessor of a Maxwell six. Last week he drew up in front of the Hermitage, the Doctor's sylvan retreat, and found our favorite sage ensconced on the chilly porch, enveloped in his Roman doctor's cloak.

The Doctor showed his delight at the visit, and after regaling the young motorman with a glass from one of the newest of his jugs of cider, he proceeded to expatiate upon his woodland experiences.

"When leaving the Quiet Corner," he explained, "I sought 'the seclusion that the cabin grants,' here in my old Hermitage where, in younger years, I have enjoyed the companionship of philosophers who have since turned professors, poets who are now novelists, and soaring reformers now married to wealthy widows; they come no more to these bucolic fastnesses, for indeed we are too far away from the Place de l'Opera and the Madeleine. But j' y suis et j' y reste. Here I may invite my soul even to week-ends of the richest isolation, and I should enjoy the solitude were it not for the constant tooting of motor horns around the corner, where the haberdasher and town butcher are dashing themselves and their surging progeny over the roads down to the pleasure parks, from morn to dewy eve. From the velvet darkness of the night, my old friends the fireflies are dispersed with flashings of searchlights—how can I ask for my oldtime sylphs and fauns in such a driveling aurora borealis? At dawn, when the violet-tipped lights slip across the hills, do you think I can hear the classic flutes in the cackle of roosters from Farmer Simpkin's barnyards? Ducks quack all day and frogs croak all night; cows low for the milking-machines; dogs, pedigreed Chows and Irish terriers, or the simple mongrel descendants of our old pet Trays, hail the rising Diana in a chorus that is only broken when my farmhand Knut serenades my matronly Ragnhild, the cook, with the notes of Amaryllis on his Swedish accordion.

"This is my Hermitage! The children of the Polish farmer who has bought the ancient family seat of the haughty Sniggersons of the Back Bay, arrive early with the fresh eggs for my breakfast; the Italian wife of my neighbor on the other side drops in with my favorite finnochio and, sometimes, a little jug of her national grapejuice. Their children jingle over the countryside with the medals of Mount Carmel and Loreto that I have hung upon their unwashed little necks, singing in chorus their favorite bit of Americanism 'It ain't gonna rain no more.' The valley's sylvan exudations have become the savory breathings from the hot-dog stand under the hill. Where Daphnis and Apollo were wont to linger are now the traces of the New York Sunday editions and the rusting cans of Heinz and Campbell, speaking of the picnics of yore. My friend the Bishop of Tours is insisting in his letters that I should join him abroad where it seems all our American friends are gathered; he tells me I shall meet everybody I used to know, on the Boulevards, at Deauville and Longchamps. There is, no doubt, all of native Europe around me here at the Hermitage; if I wish to see America first, I am afraid I shall have to cross the ocean to do it.

"Tell them dear Titivillus," the Doctor added plaintively,

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